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ties, since if it have no part in the education of the spirit to the wider comprehension of the highest truth, it is aimless indeed.

#### THE INCENTIVES AND AIMS OF ART.

In the nomenclature of Art no adequate definition has, as yet, been presented to us, explaining the mysterious origin and aim of pictorial mimicry.

We know what the design of pictorial representation is, but are in doubt as to the incentive that primarily led to the suggestion of placing the forms of Nature upon canvas. We are told that the Art has its origin in an æsthetic impulse, and that the arduous work of pencil and coloring served but to reproduce the images of beauty that fall upon the vision from the surrounding outer world.

In this reproduction of Nature, feelings akin to the impressions received from living and actual forms, are undoubtedly awakened within the artist, and this fact leads us very closely to the solution of the problem in question. It discloses the great truth, that the labor of pictorial Art has a spiritual incentive, animating the whole intellectual being of creative genius, and giving birth to all that ennobles his works. Assuming that the artist must be profoundly sensitive to the beauty of external nature, and the graces and harmony of human and animated forms, and that his whole inspiration proceeds from the æsthetic feeling and perception they awaken within him, we cannot but regard his mission as one of high import.

A mere mechanical imitation of Nature is altogether inadequate to the purposes of Art.

When the musical artist plays accurately and literally, he may show, mechanically, the design of the composer, but when he animates his performances, by infusing into them all the energies of his inner being, and all the ardor of feeling and emotion, he furnishes an interpretation of the master, whose soul lies in the work. In this regard, there exists a strong analogy between the sister Arts of music and painting.

The tribute paid to the painter is, generally, that of admiration of his great success, in conveying to the surface of his canvas, by an imitative and representative process, all the beauties of the outer world. But could he interpret Nature without feeling? could he sit down, slothfully and callously, and design all terrestrial harmonies, and not be stirred within in an equal degree with the musical artist?

We think that pictorial Art is fully as emotional as the musical Art, and that though the workings of the heart in one race of genius, give rise to different manifestations, as far as regards personal characteristics, from those of the other, the spiritual endowments are, nevertheless, the same. In all expressive transcripts of Nature, therefore, we perceive the enthusiasm of the master disclose itself. The same subject may be presented with coldness or with warmth; the same groupings of animate and inanimate nature may be depicted with prosaic correctness or with practical grace.

This infusion of the artist's personality into the performance elevates the gift he

possesses high above that of a mere mechanical power, and proves that, in the operation of conveying the phenomena of outer existence to the surface of canvas, an intellectual, combined with a spiritual, endowment is in constant activity.

Man has several distinct communings; he communes with himself, with man, with Nature, with God. In the exercise of these high enjoyments, he spends the more precious part of his terrestrial existence.

As a result of this intercourse, all the mighty exhibitions of Art are brought into being, and we may imagine that its manifestations of the higher class are the product of no ordinary intellects. The artist, it is true, is never classed among first rate minds, nor does he occupy as lofty a position in any particular epoch of talent, as those whose names have become sacred by achievements in poetry, philosophy, or the drama; yet this circumstance should not lessen the merit, or detract from the glory of his calling. Few men can become great, except by concentration of intellect upon single pursuits. The artist owes all his success to this concentration. Why his scale of merit reaches, by comparison, only the emerald in value, and never that of the diamond, results probably from conventional judgment rather than from positive intellectual law. We have spoken of man as being prone to commune with the outer and inner world, and that hence we behold the works of Art defining the one, and personifying the other. To accomplish this end, the painter delights either in color, or the mechanism of light and shade in the illustration of scenes in the natural world. In his descriptive pencillings, he may design by a monochromatic process, and render the simple truths of nature, and of human life through a one-colored prose, yet, to change or elevate that prose into the poesy of the pictorial Art, he must call in the aid of contrasting colors. These impart new force to the descriptions whereby he appeals to our imaginations. Variegated hues, it is true, such as we see Nature clothed in, do not affect all minds alike; yet the poesy that lies in them is of such universal influence, affecting the emotions of the soul where they do not penetrate the understanding, that they enter into the works of every popular artist. Pictorial representation by light and shade, without the instrumentality of contrasting colors, appeals to the imagination with the force of sombre and low-toned music;\* but in order to invest the most attractive design of a pictorial mimicry with the glow and life of poesy, the hues of the rainbow must be called into requisition. How these brilliant tints operate upon the soul of the observer, is a question of the same category with that of the influence of sound on the cerebro-nervous organization, and remains altogether enigmatical until we dive into the subtle operations of the cosmic system. From the exquisite arrangement

\* Rather say that pictorial representation by light and shade, simply, is an anomaly—a thing which, has no analogy whatever in music, as it has no existence in Nature, unless it be analogous to the simple recitative by a single voice. There can nothing be found in the external world without harmony of color, and if we represent objects so, it is an intellectual conventionalism, which, while it proves the range and power of artistic thought, by showing its capacity for thus subtly analyzing Nature, yet denies the artist the highest rank, unless he combine color with his design.—Ed. Crayon.

there displayed, we learn that beauty, in the picture of creation, and harmony, in the unison of multiplied sounds, are not human conceptions, but spring from the grand soul of Nature, and lay themselves open to man's comprehension by the mechanism of their complicated structure.

In order to simplify our meaning, we would observe that the rainbow hues that characterize all vegetable nature, are so perfectly adapted to the construction of the eye, and that, in its turn, to the requirements of the soul, as to render the phenomena of picturesque nature most nearly comprehensible, by following up the whole chain of its mechanical construction. Taste, sound and color equally electrify the whole organization; but in effecting this, they become the media whereby man is rendered conscious of the position he occupies as one of the links in the chain of cosmic and telluric design.

How and why colors exercise their influence upon the organization, is open to explanation, by examining the ocular and cerebral structure; but why the mind passes through a gradation of perception in color, we have no data to rest a theory upon. Red, in early youth, is pleasing; in age, or after years of mental culture, it becomes repulsive. It is true, it never loses its connection with a sense of beauty, yet the unison with other hues should be such as to temper its harshness.

We cannot ascribe this gradation in our perception of the beautiful in colors, to the influence of years and time upon man's life, as much as to the mental growth and the culture which fortuitous circumstances may have imparted. But although the philosophy of nature has led us so far within the arcana of its mechanism, as to show the process of the production of color and light; to inform us that that the slowest vibration of ether produces red, and the quickest, violet; yet we have arrived at no conclusion therefrom why one color affects the mind differently at one stage of its progress from another. We have termed color the poesy of pictorial representation, and we may well view it as such on canvas, when we find it converts to poesy every scene that nature casts upon the vision, when the many-hued spring treads upon the heels of winter, and the senses are appealed to by the power of color, independent of all beauty of outline. When greeted by this annual re-clothing of nature, we feel the enchantment of the picture, but are rarely led into the mode or process whereby the outer world thus enters within ourselves. Every form of type and symbolism is called in aid, to designate the nature of beauty in colored forms, but the *rationale* of their operation upon the human soul remains undeveloped. The secret why color affects the mind, lies in the explanation of its constituent qualities and the admirable mechanism which appoints nature the creative agent, and man the recipient of this remarkable element. It thus becomes a *pabulum* to his interior, as the viand, in a grosser sense, becomes such to his physical being; and all the expressions of transport which represent his æsthetic emotions indicate enjoyments akin to the sensual emotions which the gratification of the appetite awakens.

The vibrations of ether, in their various degrees of celerity, acting upon opaque

bodies, and originating all the shades of color, the human eye and its astonishing mechanism were not created without a view to a mutual connection—a scheme of indissolubility in action, movement, and feeling. An examination into this branch of the philosophy of nature unfolds the problem of æsthetic emotion, and tells us that the longing for the beautiful is no more than a constant search after the *pabulum* of the soul, imbibed by the medium of the visual sense.

We have sought to inquire into the source of a pictorial mimicry, and we can imagine no truer grounds than the desire of renovating the æsthetic impulse, first led in by the harmonious coloring of nature. How man is vivified by this element of cosmic creation, is shown by the fact that he is one of the final products of all material phenomena, and at the same time endowed with the spirituality of the primeval and spiritual cause. The pursuits of the irrational animal creation, in which the fairest and most beautiful productions of mechanism, such as the web of the spider, the cocoon that surrounds the chrysalis of the silk-worm, the architecture of the bee, are regarded as the result of an impulse termed instinct; a necessity which blindly impels them to bring into being all those creations, so admirable in design and of such mathematical uniformity.

The same instinctive impulse leads man to the entrance of all external nature, and his attachment to the phenomena around him becomes so strong a love as to excite him to those demonstrations of the pencil, we have termed mimicry. The bee, it is true, is unconscious of all the symmetry and nice adaptations of his architecture, and goes on from the morning to the evening of his life, from one generation to another, erecting his multifarious palaces after the same model. Man, on the contrary, is conscious of the greatness of his own marvellous structures, brought about by that very diversity of thought which is withheld from the irrational world. The bees all think alike. Therefore no variation of design ever enters their plans. Each individual man thinks differently from his fellow, since the operation of thought within him is an independent and ceaseless exercise, and serves constantly to frame all outward imagery after the intellectual model within; hence the endless variety of forms, plans, and scope of human mechanism and art.

We may regard the first motive to pictorial mimicry as an instinct, inasmuch as it proceeds from the same blind and irresistible impulse that leads to the designs of the irrational races: yet the exhibitions themselves of the pictorial art are to be regarded as the pure product of human thought. Without this element, all copies of nature would be the same; there would be no schools, no diversity of pictorial conception.

The outer world lays its impress upon the spider, and this leads it to mechanical action, the product of which is one of the finest emanations of irrational Art; but all this is effected without ratiocination.

The outer world lays its impress upon man, and the multifarious modes of his art grow out of this contact; but these proceed from thoughts jostling with thoughts, from one idea overthrowing the

other, from one beautiful conception discarding the other, until the perfection of pictorial and sculptural design, and style of representation, seem to have no climax.

By thus elevating the cause of genuine Art above that mere daguerreotype faculty of ever presenting one exact copy of Nature,—a uniform imitation of the same object,—by doing something more than this, and allowing the scenes and objects we wish to transcribe to pass first through the human mind, and thus be characterized by all its influences, we place it upon the high basis to which it justly belongs. We seek the creative hand almost simultaneously with the study of the work, and allow the personality of the artist to address us through his performance. In a daguerreotype likeness, or a plaster bust, we may admire that which, in one case, is a mere piece of mechanism, and in the other, one of the rare contrivances of Nature, and, as such, to be admired as greatly as the spider's web; but in the marble sculpture or canvas portrait, the individual artist is sought for in every case, before we enter into the merit of his execution. Hence, by these manifestations, we learn how variously the human mind is affected by identical scenes in Nature, and how its portrayals are moulded after the ideal which every individual genius may cherish for his own guidance. We learn from this that the infusion of mind into the performances of pictorial mimicry creates an exhaustless subject, and leaves one stage of pictorial thought to succeed the other,—one generation to add to the efforts of the preceding, without imparting perfection to the inspired Art. As music grows up out of its own resources, one class of harmonious thoughts suggesting another, until a vast fabric of melismatic invention and design is laid open to our contemplation; so in pictorial Art, the transfusion of mind into the production, and its elevation far above a blind instinct of soulless mechanism, serve continually to enlarge the limits of that magnificent temple, wherein Apollo presides.

We have already intimated that the communion with Nature suggests an emotion, and that pictorial design is influenced by a re-awakening or revival of this emotion. But to employ the analysis just drawn from the irrational world, and to trace the subject up to its more primitive sources, we may conclude that the artist indulges in more than a mere emotion, and acts from necessity. We believe that man, without the ability of defining his emotion, or acting under rational laws, would still attempt the mimicry of pencil and colors, and, in so far, would succeed by the same instinctive principle that forces the bee and the spider, and enters into all their economical and mechanical arrangements.

To go into this question, however, would be to extend the sphere of our present subject, and we will remain content to regard the exciting cause of Art, the emotions that are called into activity by the study of Nature.

But how should we attempt to define the quality of those emotions, or realize the sum of enjoyment, which falls to the lot of the artist, when he communes with Nature! In those very spots of the earth where tumult and chaos have reigned in primeval times, and the most direful confusion of rocky masses gave at one time a hideous

aspect to Nature, there the poetry of true Art now reigns, and thither the painter resorts to imbibe the inspiration of his vocation. For amid those scenes of primitive desolation, the original earth has been clad with verdure, the sundered masses have been formed into precipices and overhanging cliffs, and in among them glides some rapid stream; the light of day is sparsely admitted to the solitary precincts of the dell, forming in itself the very choicest material for the embellishment of his subject. Here he makes his pleasure resort, to muse, to think, to feel. Of the thousand attractions of the spot, not one is lost upon him, and they enter and remain indelibly fixed within his imagination.

To him Nature and her solitudes become a source of enchantment; her language, by which she appeals to the soul, savors of melodious influence, and his whole sensitive being is wrought up into that condition which calls forth the first tones.

Such are the attractions of the outer world to those who dedicate themselves to, and live with him in, the mysteries of pictorial Art, and they explain the fact why painting itself is not a mere mechanical accomplishment, and show how far it is removed, in point of dignity and mental abstraction, from all handicraft performances.

It is the work of mind, incited by Nature; of emotion, awakened by transcendent colors and beautiful outlines, which, though distinct from his own being, are interwoven in the grand scheme of which her forms are integral part, and with which he lives in constant sympathy and irrepresible love.

Another class of emotions and enthusiasm underlies the spirituality of Art in the mimicry of the human form.

In this communion of man with his own likeness, a spontaneous feeling of beauty arises within him, and a spirit of admiration, akin to that claimed by the groupings of visible Nature. In man he finds every grade of subject, and so deeply intellectual is this department of the pictorial Art, that perfection there is seldom made an object of aspiration.

The whole history of the passions, as told in the physiognomy, the attitudes and bearing of the characters portrayed, is aimed at in painting, and to accomplish all this, the master must read deeply and search with subtle discrimination into all the manifestations of character and passion. That realm of thought of which man and his actions form the absorbing material, is broad and fathomless, and not only the painter, but every master of fiction and poetry finds an illimitable subject there. The mere physical attractions of the human form and the fascinations of external beauty are inadequate to cause his emotions to swell into enthusiasm. He must be roused by that intellectuality of the subject which dwells within the personages he calls forth in the surface of the canvas, and which is brought to light by the silent language of deportment, of countenance, and by the light of the eye.

That the historical painter wields a more powerful wand over the imagination than the most life-like historian, even when aided by the accessories of fiction, we have no reason to doubt; and, this being admitted, we can at once appreciate the high qualities of his task. He furnishes the beholder

of his performance with his own imagination, and thus affords him every facility to read the actualities of the past, as if by the fabulous power of enchantment.

To effect all this requires a more than prosaic feeling, a faculty which enters into the spirituality of human action, and delineates all the finer shades of the human mind. From the actual, he passes to the ideal man; from the tenants of earth to those of a higher sphere: and, in doing this, he embodies conceptions springing out of mundane subjects, in forms of celestial purity.

We conclude, therefore, that pictorial mimicry has some high incentive, and that the genius of Art seeks out its votaries from among the choice spirits of every age of intellectual brightness.

We find that its fairest productions have become sacred monuments, and that where they have fallen beneath the withering touch of Time, their recollection still survives, and History still tells what the pencil has accomplished.

JAMES HENRY.

#### AN ARTIST'S ADVENTURE ON THE DANUBE.

A YEAR or more subsequent to the close of the Hungarian revolution, I was arrested by sickness, in a voyage down the Danube, and, resting at Pesth, placed myself in comfortable quarters and under good medical attendance. After a few days I recovered far enough to walk short distances in the city, and found exceeding pleasure in going along the quay, which was occupied as the market place and covered with immense piles of vegetables and fruits, in the midst of which sat and chattered the gay, picturesquely-dressed peasant women, with sheepskin jackets and bare heads, their browned and rugged faces scantily set off by ribbons. If at night their stock was not sold out, they spread their blankets over it, and lying on them, slept till morning, when they were on hand early.

The situation of Pesth, with the fortress of Buda opposite, is exceedingly picturesque. The city itself stands upon a level, but the mass of buildings composing the fortress, rises up the height of a considerable hill, while below, the Blocksberg rises boldly, and overhangs the rushing river, crowned by another fortress. All along the quay, several deep, were moored the produce-boats laden with fruit, vegetables, hay, wood, &c., &c. Many of the boats were gaily painted, and some even, still carried the Hungarian tricolor in stripes and bars along their sides. The walk by the quay then, presented all that was picturesque in the city, for the architecture of Pesth is of the plainest possible kind. When night came on, and the market's gaiety was gone, there was still an opportunity for some wonderful effects of light from the illuminated piles of architecture beyond the river, and this to an invalid was a something which served to good purpose in breaking up the monotony of impression received from a ten-days' confinement to my room, with no soul to converse to except the doctor, who spoke French.

One evening, later than usual, I walked down the quay, and as it was perfectly dark, not a star being visible, the effect of the reflections on the water was very vivid, and lured me to make a longer walk than

I had hitherto made, so as to bring the whole illuminated city and Buda into the view at once. The river is confined by a high dyke, along the top of which runs the high road, and down the side of which lead occasional paths for the use of those who unlade the boats. Down one of these paths I walked, and following the path at the water's edge some distance, sat down on a huge block of stone. Before me a thousand lights from the fortress, with the long lines of lamps by the quay and over the long suspension bridge which connects the city and Buda, blazed and trickled in wavering, zigzag lines across the swift water to my very feet. Here and there masses of partially illuminated buildings stole faintly out of the midnight gloom, relieving slightly the monotony, and far up the Danube, seen dimly and still more dimly, until they passed into the gloom, were scattered lights from the few houses by the river side.

After enjoying the scene as long as I cared to, I rose and followed the foot-path a little further, and then turned up the bank, determined to walk back by the road, when just as I reached the top, I heard the challenge of a sentinel, and discovered that I was opposite the guard-house, which formed the limit to the city in this direction. He was challenging some one nearer than I was, and I was too far off to hear the response. In an instant it flashed upon me that I was in a most uncomfortable fix—the city was in a state of siege, and I had passed the barrier and the armed sentry, at a later hour than suspicious personages were permitted to be abroad. I could see the sentry pacing to and fro by the lamp at the door of the guard-house, but I stood *under* the lamp at the opposite side of the road, and this and the darkness of the night saved me. I had to pass him again to re-enter the city, or else go still further off, and pass the night out in the open air, which was not an altogether advisable course for an invalid to pursue. I stole back as quietly as possible to the foot-path at the edge of the river, and commenced to pick my way back as stealthily as I had come carelessly. My heart began to throb fearfully, for I expected to hear the halloo each moment, and next the whiz of the musket ball, if, indeed, I was so fortunate as to have it pass me. What to say if called upon I could not conceive. I could speak a little German, but two chances to one the soldier couldn't speak that, and my only resource seemed to be, in case he saw me and hailed, to run for it, trusting to the chances of not being hit, and getting away unperceived in the darkness. Still turning the probabilities in my mind, I heard a shout in the direction of the guard-house, but disregarding it as if I had not heard it, I kept the same pace, hoping to get out of musket range of the post of the sentinel.

Another call and nearer! I must stop now, and, turning, saw the officer of the watch coming towards me, and sat down on a huge timber by the road-side. As he came nearer, I rose and walked towards him, until I stood full in the light of one of the lamps. Thought I, if there is to be a scrutiny, I stand a better chance in the light than I should in any additional mystery. He approached, wrapped in his grey cloak (it was a chilly September evening)

with the hood thrown over his head, and hiding his face in complete shadow. As he came close to me I could barely distinguish his eyes glaring out of the hood upon me, and he certainly presented as diabolical an exterior as I want to see on a dark night. My only sensation for the moment was, however, that of delight that the officer rather than the soldier had discovered me, for it was easier to reply to questions than to musket balls. This gave way, however, to the thoughts of what would probably be the consequence of an arrest at such a time, and in such exceedingly suspicious circumstances, and I, moreover, an American! I had some hope that he might be a disaffected man, and inclined to let me off from sympathy, but the tone of his voice unsettled this in a moment, as he asked me, gruffly and with a very authoritative air, "What are you doing here?" My voice trembled, and I felt as timid as a child, as I replied, with a very childish simplicity, "Nothing." I meant "nothing wrong," and as he looked at me again, and replied, skeptically, "Very fine—very fine," I began to fear that my chance for doing anything wrong again was very small. My heart was beating violently, and my voice diminished nearly to a whisper.

My physician had told me that only a few days before a friend of his had been arrested for some unknown reason, and instantly all clue to him was lost; and some they said had been missing for a year or more. I thought of it all then, and wished myself back at the "Szalloda Angiol Kiralyhoz," in my room, fast asleep. My fear increased rapidly in the few seconds before he spoke again, for I thought in the brief space of my chances—not having any friend who knew I was here, and the probability of ever being asked after, being very small; and when he did speak again, it was only to repeat his incredulous "very fine."

I then told him, stammeringly, and in very bad German, that I was an artist, and had been walking out by the river-side to see the sights—the effect of the lights on the water, and the illumination of the city. To the soldier these, doubtless, were poor attractions to call one from a comfortable room and cigar by the stove, to walk out into the chilly night, especially when it was of a pitchy darkness. It was a hard case, I confess—it had a *very* bad look. But I looked him in the eye firmly, as I told my "plain, unvarnished tale," and then I assured him that I was entirely ignorant of the existence of his post, and of there being any sentries about Pesth. I suspect that I *did* altogether seem very simple, and satisfied him that at least I had not wit enough to be a dangerous conspirator, and that the performance of his duty to his emperor did not require that he should imprison me for examination by a court-martial, with a chance of being shot or hung, if any suspicious or incomprehensible papers should be found in my baggage at the hotel. He was still undecided, however, when a fortunate blunder in my use of his vernacular threw him into a good-humored laugh, and I was safe. I intended to say to him that I was a stranger in the country, but used the plural of the noun "Fremden," instead of the singular "Fremde." My naive assertion that I was "a strangers" settled my case,